

THE
CAVE of MORAR,
THE
MAN of SORROWS.
A
LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

“ And may at last my weary Age
“ Find out the peaceful Hermitage,
“ The hairy Gown and mossy Cell,
“ Where I may sit, and rightly spell
“ Of every Star that Heav’n doth shew,
“ And ev’ry Herb that sips the Dew,
“ ’Till old Experience do attain
“ To something like prophetic Strain.”

IL PENSEOSO.

L O N D O N:

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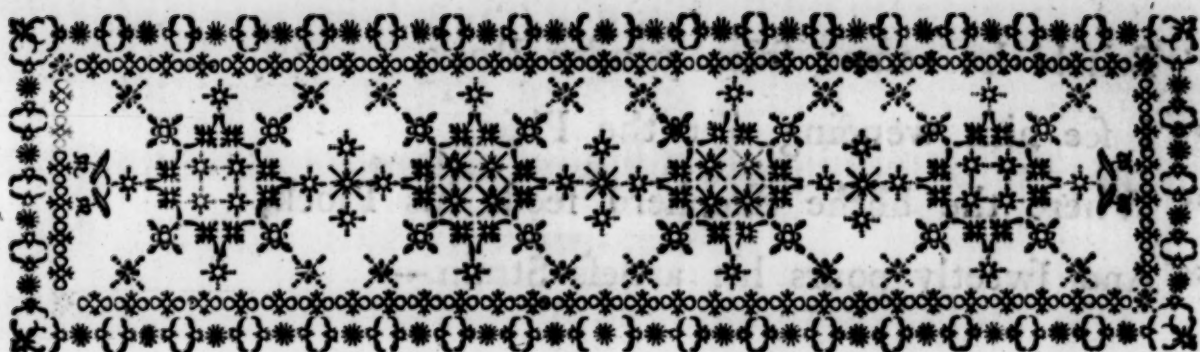
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LEGENDARY TALES



IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE
CAVE of MORAR.

PART FIRST.

“ HERE, EMMA, in this lonely Grot,
“ Thy wearied Limbs awhile repose,
“ I go to meet yon warlike Scot,
“ Whose threat’ning Horn so loudly blows :

“ Here rest with MORAR in his Cell,
“ Where gloomy Sorrow ne’er annoys,
“ His pleasing Tales will Grief dispel,
“ And teach Contentment’s purer Joys.

B

“ Behold

" Behold he comes from yonder Rock,
" I see him wending o'er the Plain,
" Where the blithe Shepherd feeds his Flock,
" And sweetly pours his artless Strain.—

" Low in the Vale my Troops await,
" For Battle keen a dauntless Band,
" Who ne'er desir'd a base Retreat,
" Nor disobey'd my firm Command :
" Aided by them I'll soon return,
" With Conquest and with Glory crown'd ;
" Then why these Tears ? Why dost thou mourn ?
" Why dost thou dread the Trumpet's Sound ?

" Such Sounds as these exalt the soul,
" And fit my Warriors for the Field ;
" Then smile my Love, thy Fears controul,
" The bold Intruders soon shall yield."—

" Go EDGAR, go, fair EMMA cried,
" I know the Valour of thy Arm,
" Go check yon haughty *Scotsman's* Pride,
" Whose Trumpets give the loud Alarm.

" I know

" I know you never fear'd a Foe,
" I know you never fu'd for Peace ;
" Then bravely strike the vengeful Blow,
" And let these bold Incurfions cease :

" Yet whilst thou'rt abfent, fhould a Sigh
" Steal from thy EMMA's anxious Breast,
" Or fhould a Tear be-dim my Eye ;
" Shall these by EMMA be fuppreff ?

" No—Such a Tear I'll ne'er controul,
" Because Affection bids it fall,
" And Gratitude that warms my Soul,
" And fpotlefs Love that heightens all."—

She fpoke, brave EDGAR feiz'd his Spear,
And quickly join'd the Troops below,
Who march'd along, devoid of Fear,
To meet the faft-advancing Foe.—

With placid Smile, and fober Pace,
At length old MORAR reach'd his Cell,
No Grief, no Sorrow mark'd his Face,
No boifterous Thoughts his Bosom fwell.

" Fair

" Fair Maid, he said, where dost thou roam
" Thro' these rude Paths, so seldom trode?
" For here ev'n Pilgrims seldom come,
" No Guest e'er visits my Abode:

" And what was he whom late I saw
" Marching so swiftly o'er the Green,
" With manly Looks, commanding Awe,
" With stately Port, and graceful Mien?—

" Hermit, she said, that gallant Youth
" Is EDGAR, fam'd for martial Deeds,
" Whose Bosom glows with Love of Truth,
" Whose friendly Breast with Pity bleeds;

" Wilt thou attend while I impart
" By what strange Means he gain'd my Love,
" And how he won my grateful Heart,
" Amid the Shades of *Mareham's* Grove,

" The Tale to me is wond'rous dear,
" For there my Joys again I view."—
The Hermit bow'd, well-pleas'd to hear,
And bade the Maid her Tale pursue.—

" One

OF MORAR.

5

" One Day, she said, I stray'd along
" The flow'ry Banks of Rona's Flood,
" Charmed by sweet Philomela's Song,
" That echo'd from a neighbouring Wood.

" The chearful Shepherd tun'd his Reed,
" The sportive Flocks rejoyc'd around,
" And from the Flow'r-bespangl'd Mead,
" Iffu'd at once the pleasing Sound.

" Each rural Object sweetly smil'd,
" All Nature wore the Face of Joy,
" And long I roam'd thro' Prospects wild,
" Where Strangers used not to annoy.

" But RATCLIFFE'S Son, who long had tried
" To gain my youthful Heart in vain,
" Swift from the Mountain's Summit hied
" And met me on the lonely Plain.

" He warmly pressed me to be kind,
" He strove to clasp me in his Arms,
" But keen Resentment fill'd my Mind,
" I told him I despis'd his Charms.

" Yet

" Yet still he breath'd his lawless Flame,
" And still I heard his Vows with Scorn;
" When EDGAR from the Mountain came,
" EDGAR, whom Nature's Charms adorn.

" To him I freely told my Tale,
" I told the Arts which RATCLIFFE us'd,
" How he attack'd me on the Dale,
" And modest Virtue's Laws abus'd.

" Brave EDGAR heard, he curs'd the Swain,
" In my Defence his Spear he drew;
" But ah! he drew his Spear in vain,
" For thro' the Plain base RATCLIFFE flew.

" Yet EDGAR swore he'd check his Pride,
" He swore he'd have a just Revenge,
" And oft would watch on *Woreham's* Side,
" Where worthless RATCLIFFE us'd to range.

" And if he met the dastard Youth,
" He swore his treacherous Heart should feel
" The Safe-guard of the Hero's Truth,
" The Point of his avenging Steel.

" I thank'd

" I thank'd him for his friendly Aid,
 " I loved him for his dauntless Soul,
 " And while we wandered thro' the Shade,
 " The Sigh oft from my Bosom stole.

" To *Mareham's* Halls we bent our Way,
 " Where oft my honour'd Sire resorts,
 " In calm Content to pass the Day,
 " Or Share the Huntsman's manly Sports.

" EDGAR at his Request remain'd,
 " Three Summer's Days in *Mareham's* Vales,
 " By Feats of Arms my Sire he gained,
 " He won me by his artless Tales.

" My Father blest'd the rising Flame,
 " At *Hymen's* Shrine he joined our Hands;
 " And told the Youth he then might claim,
 " His Wealth, his far-extended Lands.

" But EDGAR, with expressive Smile,
 " Refus'd the Gift my Sire designed,
 " Be mine, he said, the Warrior's Spoil,
 " Be mine the Joy thy Foes to bind;

" When

" When the rough *Scots*, with lawless Might,
" Often victorious, threat the Brave,
" In thy Defence let EDGAR fight,
" A higher Boon he ne'er shall crave.

" My Father granted his Request,
" He prais'd him for his matchless Zeal,
" And warmly press'd him to his Breast,
" When he remov'd from *Mareham's* Vale.

" Now in yon Plain he meets the Foe,
" I hear the Battle's dreadful Sound,
" Hark! hark! the conquering Trumpets blow,
" EDGAR with Glory now is crown'd.

" Watch him ye Powers who rule above,
" Shield him from all impending Harms,
" Hear, hear the fervent Prayers of Love,
" And bring him safe to EMMA's Arms.—

" No, EMMA, no, he'll ne'er return,
" With fault'ring Voice a Pilgrim said;
" Unhappy Fair, thou well may'st mourn,
" For EDGAR lies among the Dead.

" Deserted

OF MORAR.

" Deserted by his Friends he fell,

" And left with me this dread Command,

" Go Pilgrim, go to MORAR's Cell,

" And give this Sword to EMMA's Hand.

" Tell her when pale Distress shall seize,

" When she demands Relief in vain,

" This trusty Blade will give her Ease

" And banish Sorrow, Grief and Pain."—

" Give me the Sword, she boldly said,

" What comes from EDGAR must be dear,

" Now let me try the trusty Blade,

" I feel Distress, but know not fear."—

" She spoke, she lifted up the Steel,

" In vain old MORAR caught her Hand,

" Forbear, she cried, the Pains I feel,

" From EDGAR's Sword Relief demand."

With dread Intent she raised her Arm,

But EDGAR's Self restrain'd the Blow,

" My Love, he cried, what Fears alarm?

" I've overcome the boastful Foe."—

Her Lips grew pale, she wildly gaz'd,
And lifeless drop'd upon the Ground,
But soon again her Head she rais'd,
Heav'd a deep Sigh, and look'd around.

"And art thou still alive, she said,
"Do I still press thee to my Breast,
"Or art thou an illusive Shade,
"Come to disturb my promis'd Rest?

"A Pilgrim told me thou wert slain,
"Deserted by thy faithless Bands,
"He said he left thee on the Plain,
"And brought from thee these dread Commands;

"When pale Distress shall EMMA seize,
"When she demands Relief in vain,
"This trusty Blade will give her Ease,
"And banish Sorrow, Grief, and Pain."—

"What Wretch, he cried, with lying Tongue,
"Told thee my brave Associates fled?
"For boldly they oppos'd the Strong,
"And Scotland's choicest Warriors bled:

"Where

"Where is the Wretch who told my Love,
"I fell inglorious in the Field?
"On him this faithful Arm shall prove,
"That EDGAR never stoop'd to yield."

Indignant thus brave EDGAR spoke,
And cast his fiery Eyes around,
When he beheld behind a Rock,
The Pilgrim stretch'd upon the Ground.

His Bosom glow'd with ruthless Ire,
(For boist'rous Passions rule the Brave)
He seiz'd the Wretch, whose mean Attire
From threaten'd Vengeance could not save.

He plung'd a Dagger in his Breast
"Let this, he cried, my Rage suffice"—
When, lo, the Pilgrim stood confest,
Old RATCLIFFE'S Son, in mean Disguise.—

"EDGAR, he said, t'was justly done,
"For long I've basely envied thee,
"Because that matchless Maid you won,
"And gain'd her Heart who slighted me.

" A Spy inform'd me that To-day
 " You went to meet the warlike Scot,
 " And left that helpless Fair to stray,
 " Till your Return, near MORAR's Grot.

" To MORAR's Grot I swiftly came,
 " For base-born Thoughts possess'd my Mind,
 " But MORAR's Presence check'd my Aim,
 " And stop'd the Crime I first design'd;

" Then full of Guile I told the Tale,
 " Which cred'lous EMMA soon believ'd,
 " With Joy I saw my Arts prevail,
 " And smil'd while EMMA was deceiv'd;

" But you restrain'd the fatal Blow,
 " And on my Head thy Vengeance fell;
 " EDGAR thus long I've liv'd thy Foe,
 " My parting Breath bids thee farewell."

He spoke — He dy'd — Old MORAR turn'd
 Where beauteous EMMA hung her head,
 " In Death, he said, we RATCLIFFE mourn'd,
 " For Vengeance ne'er pursues the Dead.

" Unseen

“ Unseen in some sequester'd Grot,
“ With decent Rites his Corse we'll lay,
“ Where all his Crimes shall be forgot,
“ And soon become Oblivion's Prey.

“ But see the sober Shades of Eve,
“ In Clouds on Clouds their Glooms unite,
“ Say, may an humble Hermit crave,
“ You'd pass with him th' approaching Night.

“ The Hermit's Food shall be your Fare,
“ Fresh Herbs collected from the Green,
“ And oft to banish gloomy Care,
“ Some pleasing Tale shall intervene.

“ Perhaps the Tale of MORAR's Woes
“ May force the friendly Tear to swell,
“ MORAR who long has fought Repose
“ In the poor Hermit's cheerless Cell.

“ When Morning dawns you may proceed,
“ Where lib'ral Fortune casts your Lot.”—
Consenting EDGAR bow'd his Head,
And led fair EMMA to the Grot.

OF MORAL

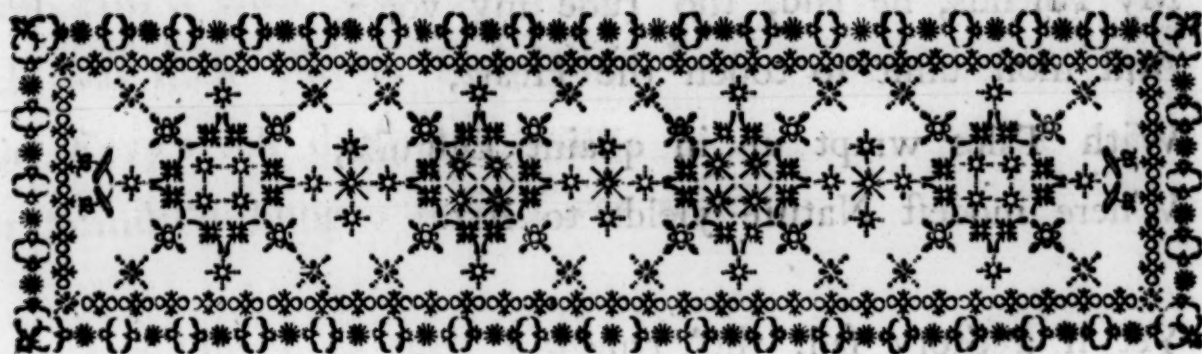
Unless in some degraded state
With decent rites his Corpse well lay,
Where all the Chinese shall be forgot
And soon become Oblivious prey.

But see the labor-shed of life,
In Clouds on Clouds their Chances unite,
Say, may an humble Hermit crave,
To be with him in approaching night.

The Hermit's Wood shall be your Fate,
Which I have collected from the Grove,
And set to death's great Gate,
To see glowing Tails that shall improve.

May you the Hermit's Fate to find,
Mark who long has sought the Right,
In the poor Hermit's Chamber find.

When morning dawn you see appear,
Where the Hermit's House is near,
And let him know that you are near,
And let him know that you are near.



T H E
CAVE of MORAR.

P A R T S E C O N D.

NOW when the simple Feast was o'er,
Contentment smil'd around the Board,
And fresh from Nature's bounteous Store,
The Sage the chrystal Bev'rage pour'd;

His Guests enjoy'd the rustic Cheer,
Nor were their grateful Thanks forgot,
'Till beauteous EMMA beg'd to hear,
The mournful Tale of MORAR's Lot.

" My

“ My Friends, he said, tho’ rude my voice,
“ And most unfit to touch the Heart,
“ With Tales wrapt up in quaint Disguise,
“ Where modest Nature yields to Art.

“ Yet if a Story sad, tho’ true,
“ If real Grief which oft I’ve shared,
“ Can claim one Tear as justly due,
“ You’ll weep when MORAR’S Woes are heard.—

Remote from Cities liv’d a Swain,
Whose honest Breast ne’er felt a Care,
’Till artless Love with pleasing Pain,
Told him that ANNA’S Face was fair;

Told him that Virtue fill’d her mind,
And heighten’d all her youthful charms,
Told him perhaps she’d soon prove kind,
And bade him woo her to his Arms.

His suit was heard, she bless’d his Flame,
They soon were join’d in Wedlock’s Bands,
And from these Parents MORAR came,
MORAR who now your Ear demands.

“ Sweet

Sweet flow'd their Hours, replete with Joy,
Such was their Virtue, such their Love,
That Envy's self durst not annoy,
Nor Scandal's Tongue their Lives reprove.

I was the Object of their Care,
For soon they strove to warm my Breast
With Virtue's Flame, by fixing there
Precepts the noblest and the best.

With what Success their Toils were crown'd
It is not fit for me to boast,
Suffice it that they sometimes own'd
Their fond Endeavours were not lost.

One fatal Morn (forgive this Tear,
For sad Remembrance bids it fall,
Nor think, tho' now an Hermit here,
I can such Scenes, unmov'd, recall.)

One fatal Morn my Father stray'd
To a small rural Village nigh,
By a few chosen, Friends convey'd,
Friends render'd dear by every Tye.

D

" ANNA,

"ANNA, he said, farewell awhile,
"Be chearful till we meet again;
"Let mirthful Pleasures round thee smile,
"Nor ought of Care thy Joys restrain.

"To *Arlington* perhaps I'll roam,
"For so these worthy Friends invite,
"But ere 'tis Night, expect me Home."—
He spoke, he vanish'd from her Sight.

With jocund Tales he chear'd his Friends,
And sportive Laughter circl'd round,
But soon each earthly Pleasure ends,
Soon fades each Joy by Mortals found.

Beneath a towering Pile of Wood,
By some unskilful Artist rear'd,
Smiling serene my Father stood—
It fell—He quickly disappear'd.

Ere long his bleeding Corse was found
And every Remedy applied,
But ah in vain! The fatal Wound
The feeble Power of Art defied:—

Let

Let those whose tender Hearts can share
The Sorrows which their Neighbours feel,
Let those express my Mother's Care,
And all her dreadful Thoughts reveal,

When for that Husband, ever gay,
Who left her smiling in the Morn,
She saw his Bier move on the Way,
By a few weeping Friends upborne.

Despair and Anguish fill'd her Soul,
Her Words were wild and full of Woe,
And many a Sigh unbidden stole,
And many a Tear began to flow.

Long, long, beneath oppressive Grief,
Cheerless she pass'd the lonely Hour,
Remote from every fond Relief,
And scorning Consolation's Pow'r,

I too forgot my Joys awhile,
And weeping saw my Father's Bier,
But childish Pleasures soon beguile,
And soon dry up the falling Tear.

Yet pale Misfortune mark'd my Lot,
With other Griefs, with other Woes,
Which drove me to this silent Grot,
Where I at last enjoy Repose.

For scarcely yet had sprightly Youth
Begun his gay aspiring Reign,
When fir'd with sacred Love of Truth
I rashly left the peaceful Plain.

Amid the City's pompous Noise
Awhile I join'd the bustling Ring,
But soon I found these wish'd for Joys
To me but few Delights could bring.

I straight resolv'd to quit the Town,
I figh'd to tread the flowery Dale,
Nor vainly hop'd to gain Renown
Where basest Arts alone prevail.

" Farewell, I said, ye giddy Scenes
" Where Vice with Artifice is join'd,
" Where leagu'd with Folly, Falsehood Reigns,
" And baneful Flatt'ry taints the Mind.

A long

O F A M O R A R

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" A long Farewell ! I'll ne'er return ;
" To rural Scenes I'll bend my Way,
" Where honest Breasts with Candour burn,
" And Virtue shines with purest Ray.

" My weeping Parent claims my Care,
" To her with open Arms I'll fly,
" In all her Grief I'll fondly share,
" And wipe the Torrent from her Eye.

Such were my Hopes, but ah how vain !
The hopes which Mortals often rear
For soon I reach'd the wish'd for Plain,
And met alas my Mothers Bier !

To the lone Grave her head I bore
I lay'd her gently in the Clay,
In that cold Dwelling where before
Her much lov'd Husband's Ashes lay,

My moulder'd Parents Bones I saw
And while I grasp'd them in these Hands,
My Bosom felt that sacred Awe,
Which every Form of Death demands.

The

THE CAVE

The Pangs of Sorrow :to remove,
My mournful Accents to controul,
My Friends with soft Endearments strove,
But Grief still harbour'd in my Soul.

In vain Compassion lent her Aid,
In vain she tried each soothing Art,
Ev'n Reason's Self in vain essay'd
To banish Woe from MORAR's Heart.

But Time at last to wonted Ease,
Restor'd my long afflicted Mind,
Again I felt internal Peace,
Again in festive Mirth I join'd.

I mingl'd with the rural Ring,
Who gaily trip'd along the Plain,
With sprightly Notes I touch'd the String,
And all the Virgins join'd the Strain.

Yet oft the Sigh of Sorrow stole
When faithful Mem'ry brought to view,
The Grievs which lately fill'd my Soul,
Sad Scenes which Fancy often drew.—

While

While thus I join'd the mirthful Throng,
Whose artless Breasts no Cares alarm,
MARIA chiefly claim'd my Song,
She who could boast each matchless Charm.

Fair was her Face, and sweet her Air,
With Virtue's Flame her Breast was fir'd,
Where'er she came she banish'd Care,
Save that alone which Love inspir'd.

With every Art the Shepherds strove
The Smiles of such a Nymph to gain,
But MORAR only shar'd her Love,
MORAR alone su'd not in vain.

For oft beneath the Woodland's Gloom
With her in Converse sweet I've stray'd,
Or thro' the Meads whose vernal Bloom
Gay Nature's fairest Scenes display'd.

Encourag'd thus, I bade her name
The blissful Day when we should join
To crown our long-expecting Flame,
And bend at Hymen's holy Shrine.

The

The Day was nam'd, her Sire agreed,
At Hymen's Shrine we bent the Knee,
While every Youth that trod the Mead,
Approv'd my Choice and envied me.

The highest Pleasures now I found,
I tasted each exalted Joy,
And soon my fairest Hopes were crown'd
With a sweet-smiling lovely Boy.

With Transport then MARIA smil'd,
Her aged Sire a Wish exprest
That he might see his Daughter's Child,
And press her Offspring to his Breast.—

His Wish was heard, my Love complied,
She to her Father fondly bore
The smiling Object of her Pride,
His Grandfire's Blessing to implore.

I stay'd behind, I deck'd my Cot,
My Flocks I scatter'd o'er the Fields.
And oft proclaim'd my happy Lot,
And told the Joys which Wedlock yields.—

Three Days her Sire MARIA blest,
And on the fourth at Dawn of Morn,
She left her Child in balmy Rest,
To MORAR's Cottage to return.

The good old Man with pious Care
Conducted her along the Way,
And many a Tale with sprightly Air
He told to cheat the ling'ring Day.

Near where my humble Cottage stood,
A rapid River mark'd his Course,
Inceffant Rains had swell'd the Flood,
It roll'd along with threatful Force.

Whene'er they reach'd the farther Shore,
The Sage exclaim'd with chearful Voice,
" Our Journey now will soon be o'er,
" Young MORAR's Heart we'll soon rejoice.

" Our slow Approach perhaps he blames,
" I see him waiting on the Mead ;
" What Haste a Husband's Transport claims !"
He spoke, he boldly push'd his Steed.

E

They

They gain'd the Middle of the Stream,
Wide roll'd the Flood—MARIA fell—
I heard a loud, a dreadful Scream—
I knew the plaintive Voice too well.

Soon, soon I reach'd the River's Side,
I saw MARIA's floating Corse,
While all in Vain her Father tried
To save her from the Torrent's Force.—

His feeble Arm I saw him wave,
“ Have Mercy Heav'n, he faintly said,
“ This, this must be MARIA's Grave,
“ I can no more”—then turn'd his Head.

What Pangs of Sorrow fill'd my Soul,
The feeling Breast alone can know,
For from my Lips no Murmurs stole,
No broken Accents spoke my Woe.

To save the Bodies from the Flood,
With panting Breast I fondly strove,
While the pale Virgins weeping stood,
And mourn'd the Fate of MORAR's Love.

At

At last I brought them to the Shore,
I laid them in one friendly Tomb,
And thus when silent Grief was o'er,
Bewail'd MARIA's fatal Doom.

" Farewell MARIA, ever dear,
" So late the Source of MORAR's Joys,
" For thee I'll pour the frequent Tear,
" And in thy Praise I'll raise my Voice.

" I'll ne'er forget thy virtuous Love,
" Which promis'd more than mortal Blifs,
" Altho' forlorn I now must rove
" Thro' gloomy Sorrow's black Abyfs.

" Farewell ye Scenes I lov'd so well,
" Farewell ye Shepherds ever gay,
" For in some lone sequester'd Cell,
" Remote from you, I'll pass the Day.

" Reflection there shall dart her Beams,
" In Scenes from earthly Cares remov'd,
" And Fancy oft shall fill my Dreams
" With Pictures of the Wife I lov'd.

" My Parents Fate a Tear demands;
" A Tear Affection bids me give,
" Nature requires, my Heart commands,
" I'll pay the Tribute while I live.

" No more I'll tend my lovely Boy,
" And with a Parent's fond Delight
" Form unsubstantial Dreams of Joy,
" And airy Hopes of Bliss unite:

" But to some kind, some faithful Friend,
" To one whose Heart was still sincere,
" My helpless Child I'll recommend—
" I'll trust him to my ALFORD's Care"—

Such were my Words and soon I rov'd
To this sequester'd Mountain's Side;
I saw this Grot, I saw, I lov'd,
And here determin'd to reside.

The holy Hermit's Drefs I chose,
And oft I roam'd thro' yonder Wood,
For well this Garb becomes my Woës,
These shades befriend a ferious Mood.—

Now

OF MORAR.

Now nought of Care disturbs my Breast,
The Morning Sun with Smiles I hail
And fondly lay me down to rest,
Whene'er the Shadows mark the Dale.

And oft as Pilgrims pass this Way,
My humble Gifts I freely give,
And many a Time I've bid them stray
Where gen'rous ALFORD us'd to live.

I've bid them seek old MORAR'S Son,
His Father's Blessing to receive,
Before his earthly Race is run,
Before he sinks into the Grave.

Yet still their Searches were in Vain
From ALFORD'S Cot the Youth had fled,
In Vain the Pilgrims search'd the Plain,
In Vain they sought him on the Mead.

Now bow'd with Age, I soon must fall
Nor shall my EDWIN see his Sire,
Altho' my Hopes and Wishes all,
With fervent Prayers that Boon require.

" You

THE CAVE

" You see him now, brave EDGAR cried,
" I am that Son so much belov'd,
" For ALFORD's Care my Wants supplied,
" When youthful Joys my Bosom mov'd.

" From him I learn'd the Arts of Peace,
" He shew'd me Nature's rural Charms,
" But I despis'd a Life of Ease,
" And fought the Fame acquir'd by Arms.

" I left his Cot, I chang'd my Name,
" I fought to save my native Land,
" At last fair EMMA blest my Flame,
" And crown'd my Wishes with her Hand."—

With wild Surprise the Hermit heard,
And thus to Heav'n address'd a Pray'r
" Yes yes ye Pow'rs, ye will reward
" The Man who triumphs over Care!

" I thank you for my Sorrows past,
" I thank you for my present Joy,
" And while my Days of Trial last
" Let me my Voice in Praise employ."

Then

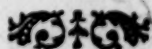
OF MORAR.

Then in his Arms he fondly press'd
The happy Pair he lov'd so well,
While many a tender Look express'd
The Heart-felt Joy which none can tell.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps be objected to this Poem, that some of the Incidents in it are not sufficiently interesting to merit the Attention of the Public. To this the Author answers, That it has ever been the chief Object of Poetry to COPY NATURE and her several Operations on the Human Mind in the most barbarous as well as the most cultivated State of Society, in the Breast of the Peasant as well as that of the Monarch. If, therefore, the Author has given a just Copy of Nature, he apprehends it is of very little Consequence that from the Structure of the Poem, the Story, he relates, would appear to have happened at least as far back as three Centuries ago, and that the Characters he has introduced are not furrounded with Riches or decorated with Titles; he is hopeful the Story he has told is not unnatural, because, though he has taken the Liberty of placing, so long ago several Incidents which happened in the present Century, in Order to give the Poem a LEGENDARY Appearance; yet the whole Sorrows which compose the Life of the Hermit are such as the Author himself has once witnessed; for the Birth of MORAR, and the Death of his Parents are literally copied from his own Life, and the Incident of MARIA's Death is taken from a very affecting Scene, of which he was an Eye-witness, so that the Circumstance of MORAR's becoming an Hermit, and the Discovery made at the End of the Poem are the only imaginary Incidents in the Second Part of it, and for these he can offer no Apology.



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